

WITH AND POINT

ND POINT.
...votes a man a snob
...suspect that he is a
...we are.—*Detroit Free*
...makes such slow prog-
...miser to reform
...of himself.
...r—Come, now, you
...your month. Second
...me; I have gaped all
...sch.—*Burlington Free*
...body can take a coun-
...thrown at him, but
...now how to wear it
...St. Albans (Vt.) Me-
...of the year a man who
...he handles a hundred
...ships and twenty mil-

"Young man, you

er—"What does this
broadman says he can't
Here is the check for
n—"The trouble is,
changed cars too often.
part of the handle has
other pieces haven't got
ubs World.

up by remarking: "

Lady—Don't you think, understand quite to send reasonable watering-plant Doctor—Why, madam, normally robust phylax Lady—I knew the matter with me. I go to get rid of the poor Saragato—Chicago

—He says it is just as impossible to make good bread as to make good love. It may be, but a "soul," tone, technique, and a little of the "old" and "new" must occur, and, after that, the "old" and "new" must be in a frame and hang on a wall, would not it be as attractive and picture painted by the artist in Herald.

—I had to intend sending Lady to Albany yesterday this morning. "I think me to Harvard, thinking more favorably." Indeed, why have you in on "Well, Columbia

keen, interrupted a female

"You mean by that?" replied the woman, "I wish to express it, but if I lordship a handsome one humbugging you."

PATIENT WIFE.

"I am sorry to hear that," said the husband's crusty, "and the heart-beated philanthropist to the end in a dilapidated thump, whose head was tied in one arm in a sling. 'If your husband beats you,' would consult you to not restrain him." "Taken, madam; my business. We have lived year, and he has never and the woman adjusting."

To be clear that I am missing the female philanthropist and the woman, sadly.

...pulled out my hair &

has stuck pins in me a
black dog in my new
but I never yet
until he does I don't think
then withdrew without
word.—*Times-Suffolk*.

SHE SPOKE.

*treasure Drove Away Two
lost Admirals.*

sweet-faced, blue-eyed
dark waves of golden
carelessly back from a
snow-white brow. Her
full and sweet. Innoc-
ence in her great blue eyes.
was she in all the purity
of her fresh young

men have long been
with eager interest, but
had entailed them. "I
nervous girl," said one.
"fairer! How I would
speak. No sweet bells
be like words she must
like those and a face like

noble features, soft and
was her artless answer:

ould smirk to twitter?
name for it?" - Detroit

